

# The "A. C. L."

Vol. 2

PEABODY, MASS., U. S. A., AUGUST 1, 1918

No. 3

Dedicated to

## Our Boys With the Colors



PUBLISHED BY THE  
MILITARY WELFARE ASSOCIATION

Organized by and for the Employees of the  
A. C. LAWRENCE LEATHER COMPANY  
NATIONAL CALFSKIN COMPANY  
WINCHESTER TANNERY COMPANY

## STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER



### Off With Your Hat

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!  
And let the heart have it's say;  
You're man enough for a tear in your eye  
That you will not wipe away.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!  
Uncover the youngster's head,  
Teach him to hold it holy and high,  
For the sake of it's sacred dead.



# MILITARY WELFARE ASSOCIATION

Organized by and for the Employees of

A. C. LAWRENCE LEATHER COMPANY  
NATIONAL CALFSKIN COMPANY  
WINCHESTER TANNERY COMPANY

## Office and Headquarters:

A. C. LAWRENCE LEATHER COMPANY  
Peabody, Mass., U. S. A.

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# EDITORIALS

## What The Association Is Doing

Many of our newer (and possibly some of our old) members do not know what is done with the membership dues that they cheerfully "give over" each month to the Military Welfare Association.

Realizing that a "doughboy" has mighty little spending money left after sending half his pay home, paying seven or eight dollars insurance, squaring up on his Liberty Bonds, etc., the members of the Association have pledged themselves to supply as far as they can the necessary treats that every boy in the army or out likes to have.

Once a month a "Good Cheer" box is made up consisting of the following:

8 pkgs. Lucky Strike Cigarettes	2 cakes Toilet Soap
5 pkgs. Edgeworth Tobacco	1 tube Toothpaste
1 lb. Lowney's Best Chocolates	Cigarette Papers
1 pkg. Safety Razor Blades	2 pkgs. Gum

This box is sent to all our boys in this country and on the sea. As the Government has restricted shipments of such goods overseas the Association mails a Money Order each month equivalent to the value of the "Good Cheer" box. These enable the boys in France to buy American tobacco and candy thru the Quartermasters Corps at extremely low prices.

From time to time the Association mails each boy in cantonments where there are Liberty Theatres "Smileage Books" which as most of us know entitle the bearer to 20 admissions to high class entertainments at any of Uncle Sam's playhouses.

Recently a French Conversation book especially com-

plied for American soldiers was sent every A. C. L. boy in the service.

Another feature of Association service is the prompt compliance with requests for various articles that the boys write in for. Each boy is provided with mailing cards on which a line or two is reserved for requests. Whenever a desire is expressed for any particular article the Association purchases and forwards it at once.

Over a hundred Nathan Army and Navy Comfy-kits have been distributed on requests from the boys. Other things asked for and sent have been subscriptions to various magazines, razors, socks, and numerous others.

That is what is done with your membership dues. The part the company plays with regard to the Military Welfare Association is this: they provide all stationery, postage, packing, clerkship, in fact everything but the actual good cheer articles themselves, and as has been previously stated, bear the entire cost of publishing the factory news magazine, The A. C. L., which is the twice a month "letter" that the members of the Association write their friends in the service.

## Building America's War Machine

To take millions of young men from peaceful occupations and in a short space of time make them skilled warriors is only one of the tremendous undertakings that Uncle Sam has done so well. But what a wonderful task he has accomplished may perhaps be better understood if we apply a few facts concerning our own A. C. L. boys.

It is certainly astonishing to view the wide field of war activities that our boys have entered during the past year. Who could have imagined a few months ago that 260 of our fellow-workmen would be distributed among 40 camps in 18 States from Maine to California, that they would be in the armies of Canada, England, France and Poland as well as in that of America?

There are A. C. L. boys in the air flying over three countries; on the seas manning battleships, transports, merchant marine, destroyers, convoys, and patrol boats; in every branch of the army including infantry, pioneer regiments, ammunition trains, heavy and light field artillery, coast artillery, hospital corps, quartermasters' corps, cavalry, marines, machine gun companies, bands, engineer regiments, supply companies, motor truck companies, balloon squads, aero squads, signal corps, tank corps, ordnance dept., paymaster's dept., and military police. Four of our boys are lieutenants, seven are sergeants while seven more have been made corporals.

Not at all a bad showing for a group of young factory and office workers to make in such a short time and from now on we expect to hear of promotions almost daily. We are proud, both of our boys and of Uncle Sam for the work they are doing. We at home are pledged to back them to the limit.

## Victory

Our Army is no longer a promise, but is today a huge machine doing what we expected it would. On the 19th our newspapers gave us the glad tidings of our army penetrating German positions to about seven miles on the counter offensive, placing the German supply lines under fire and threatening the entire Marne salient.

Our people from Maine to California celebrated this glad event. A joyous multitude thronged the streets, bells peeled forth the victory, whistles blew, and business was suspended while the entire country was swept with feeling.

This is only a preliminary,—our machine has started,—it is certain of ultimate victory no matter what the cost may be—"They shall not pass."



## CONCERNING LEATHER

### MUST HAVE MILLIONS OF HIDES FOR ARMY

**The Leather Industry Has Been Mobilized To  
Furnish Shoes For Soldiers Who Are March-  
ing On To Berlin.**

(Frank G. Carpenter in Boston Globe)

I have figured out the cattle needed to furnish the shoes already supplied to the Army. They are so many that if you could bridge the ocean by a roadway 40 feet wide all the way from Boston to France the animals would fill the bridge and reach on to the trenches.

By the Government specifications we can get only five pairs of shoes out of each hide, and the number of pairs so far made is in the neighborhood of 30,000,000.

In addition to this is the great amount of leather needed for saddles and leggings. This means the consumption of millions of cattle, and also multitudinous pigs, for the best leather for saddles and leggings comes from the hog.

And then there are the gloves which the soldiers use. They are made of horse hides and colt skins. There are also the jerking or vests which the air men, the Navy, and even the boys in the trenches, must have to keep out the cold. The jerkens are made of sheepskin with the wool on. They are the warmest of the garments possessed by the soldiers.

Furthermore, we must have vast quantities of leather of one kind and another for the harness of the cavalry and straps for the artillery and army equipment. A great deal is used in automobiles, motor trucks and in the machinery that goes to the battlefield.

In fact, the war now demands every class of good leather for one purpose or another; and it comes from the ox, cow and calf, the horse and colt, the sheep and the lamb, the goat and the kid, as well as from the water buffalo, and the hog, and even the seal, alligator and kangaroo.

All of this leather has to be made in the American tanneries. We have hundreds of them and they handle each year the skins from which almost \$1,000,000,000 worth of leather products are made. They tan something like 20,000,000 hides to produce the heavy leathers, and about 100,000,000 other skins from which the lighter leathers are made.

About one-fourth of this leather comes from animals killed at home and the most of it from the meat packing houses which are today the chief source of domestic supply. The number of cattle so killed would fill a bridge twice as long as the one above mentioned, and in addition we get the skins of more than 5,000,000 calves, 14,000,000 sheep, about 300,000 goats and more than 100,000 horses and colts.

The raw materials of the leather industry come mostly from the 21 countries at war with Germany. The only question of getting the material is ships. There are large supplies of hides in South America. We have to have ships to get them to the United States. There are large supplies in China, and the same is true of Africa and Australia. They have to be sent over thousands of miles of water to our ports.

At present the United States and Great Britain have pooled their interests in the buying of hides. They are

competed with by Germany, which is buying raw materials needed for warfare in all the countries of the world. This is notwithstanding they have no means of getting them to Germany. It buys them to keep them out of the hands of its enemies. It may have to sell the hides later, for they will not keep indefinitely, and if so it will be a high price.

Just now the buying of this vast product intended for leather is nearly wholly in the hands of the Government. Uncle Sam is the chief customer for all kinds of raw materials, and you might think it would be easy for the men furnishing our leather to get a big rake-off from every Government order.

It is not. The War Department has a board of hide and leather control, and its dollar-a-year employees include the leading hide and leather men of the country. In Washington is also an organization known as the Tanners' Council, which came together as soon as we entered the war to cooperate with the War Industries Board and the War Department in the purchase of skins, both at home and abroad, and in all importations of leather from other parts of the world.

This council represents many branches of the leather industry. It has no capital stock, and it pays no dividends. It is not a buying or selling organization, and its only object is to furnish the Government with information as to the supply of leather materials both at home and abroad, and to aid it in placing contracts which will eliminate exorbitant profits and most efficiently mobilize the leather industry for the work of the war. The council costs the Government nothing, and it is maintained at the expense of the tanners. It is one of the most patriotic institutions of the kind which have come to the support of the country in this time of need.

All of the Government orders for leather are fixed upon the advice and information of associations like this, and every attempt is made to get the best material at the lowest possible cost. In order to show you how carefully the Government works, I will cite some of the specifications for the leathers required for the shoes of the soldiers.

Take the new Pershing boot, of which we are now making 1,500,000 pairs every month. The requirements for the sole leather demand that it be made of good, sound, dry or green-salted fine-haired hides. It must be firm, solid and well rolled. It must be properly tanned, filled with good vegetable tanning, and when finished it must be acceptable to the Government.

The specifications state just from what part of the animal each kind of leather must come. This leather comes from the bend, a little section of the back and side of the beast so small that only five pairs of shoes can be cut from each hide. You may have heard of sides of leather. The larger skins are cut along the back into two halves or sides, and each side is divided into the shoulder, the bend and the back.

The bend is the best portion of the back behind the shoulder. It makes the firmest and best leather of the entire skin, and is devoted chiefly to the higher grades of shoes.

The bend for the Pershing shoe must be not more than 52 inches long from the root of the tail and not more than 28 inches wide. The wording is such that there can be no question as to the character of material.

It is the same with the orders for trench shoes which

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DR. GEORGE E. TOMPKINSON AND LIEUT. LEWIS BRINGING UNCLE SAM'S MESSAGE TO THE WATERS RIVER EMPLOYEES, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1918.

Friday, July 19, the employees of the Waters River Plant and friends from other departments of the A. C. L. listened to a direct message from Uncle Sam as brought to us by Dr. George E. Tompkinson of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board.

Dr. Tompkinson was accompanied by Lieut. Lewis, a Canadian soldier, who gave us a stirring word picture of trench warfare and Hun brutality. His story bore out the many tales of German barbarism we have heard from the very beginning. As an eyewitness his story carried great weight. He told how the boys "over there" fight when they know that they are backed up by their comrades at home, and what a difference it would make should they lose that feeling.

After Lieut. Lewis' talk, Dr. Tompkinson gave us Uncle Sam's message to his men and women in America's industrial plants, of which the A. C. L. is one of the most important. He said in part:

"Uncle Sam has two sons: one in France, the other in an industrial plant here in America. The brother in France says to his brother in the factory—'I can whip the Hun if you keep the ammunition coming; if you keep the ships moving over filled with food and clothing that I need to equip myself to whip him. Can I depend on you to do your share?'"

"It was an American plant that invented the deadly weapons that have been of most effect in this war. American plants invented the submarine, the torpedo, the aeroplane and the machine gun and it will be American plants that will produce the winning weapons of this war.

"History shows that Germany's previous military policy has been a short, profitable war. Her method has been to strike quickly and force from her unprepared victim the price of her war expense in the form of valuable territory and money indemnities. This was her plan in the

present war. Germany had intended after crushing France thru Belgium to seize the combined navies of France and Britain and joining them with her own to attack unprepared America and exact from her the billions of dollars necessary to finance Germany's war. Territory and still more money would be forced from France and Britain. Foiled by little Belgium, she is still fighting on, her debts piling up, and she still endeavors to win by any means, fair or foul, to save herself from settling her own war bill.

"Big Russia has been crippled by German insidious propaganda; her agents are at work in all allied nations spreading malicious lies all aimed at the disruption of war efforts and the weakening and final defeat of her adversaries.

"As a federal agent I warn you men and women in American industries against these spies of the Kaiser. Watch for the man who spreads anti-American or anti-Ally propaganda. They will tell you that the British are not doing their share; that the Irish are being abused; that the French are bearing the whole brunt of the war and are 'bled white' and similar stories. The Government agents can not be everywhere to fight these lies so it is up to every man to be his own secret service agent to defeat enemy propaganda.

"The greatest battle fought up to the present war was Gettysburg. In that bloody fight 30,000 shells were fired in three days. How long do you suppose that three day's supply would last today? About 7½ minutes. Sherman in his great campaign asked for three months supplies to enable him to wind up the Civil War. Those three months supplies for one of the greatest armies then put together would be used up in 10 minutes on the battle front of today. You have a big job on your hands! Whatever you

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## PEABODY SOLDIER HOPES TO AGAIN SEE KAISER

Among the A. C. L. boys who have recently started for overseas duty to prove their willingness to do their "bit" is Emmanuel Auen, one of the most popular and respected employees of the company.

He is not a native-born American, but was born in Christiania, Norway, twenty-five years ago, and came to this country with his parents in 1912. He had already begun the study of English in the Christiania schools and continued it in the Peabody evening school. His first work was that of an unskilled laborer in the bark tanyard of the A. C. L. Gradually by perseverance and close observance of every opportunity to add to his knowledge of leather he was promoted. When he gave up his position he was a foreman in the tannery and a valuable asset in the successful propagation of that work.

Several months ago young Auen was called in the selective draft. Although he had taken out only first citizenship papers, he never considered exemption for he said, "I came to this country with the intention of making it my home. If this country is good enough to live in, it



EMMANUEL AUEN

good enough to fight for." He reported for duty at Camp Devens. Because of his ability to adapt himself to the circumstance of a soldier's life, he was given the opportunity of becoming a sergeant, in a company which would, however, remain at Ayer for some time. Eager for immediate overseas service Private Auen declined and remained with his own company. A few days before he left for France he received his full citizenship and he is now a full-fledged citizen of the United States.

Auen is a thirty-second degree Mason, a grade seldom obtained by so young a man. He was scoutmaster of the Boy Scout troops of St. Paul's church and a great favorite with the boys.

Of particular interest to all the A. C. L. boys enlisted with the purpose of downing the Hun, is the fact that Private Auen is the only Peabody soldier who has ever seen Kaiser Wilhelm in person. He saw the German leader

twice, once when the latter came to Christiania harbor. He only hopes to see him once again for once is all that would be necessary to turn the tables on him.

Besides being a popular employee of the A. C. L. he was very popular among the young folk of Peabody; his friendly disposition and cheerful manner made it impossible for one to do otherwise than like and respect him. In the Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Y. M. C. A., and K. of C. drives he was an earnest and efficient promoter and did his best to bring up the A. C. L. standard to 100%. He has the most sincere and heartfelt wishes of his multiple friends in his present work and we are all sure that even in face of the supreme sacrifice he would never shirk his duty.

Young Auen is a type of the fine Scandinavian people who come to this country to make their homes and to become law-abiding citizens. It can truthfully be said of the American people that they are not slow to recognize this type, but are prompt to extend the hand of welcome and friendship to these embryo citizens.

### YANKEE AIRMEN

Written for the A. C. L. by  
(Fred G. Walker, N. Y.)

The skies of peaceful days to come  
Today look somewhat brighter;  
Across the seas just hear the drum  
And watch each Yankee fighter.  
A Yankee fighter is endowed  
With something more than others,  
He'll catch a German in a cloud  
And then land all his brothers.  
Through cloudland day and night he flies,  
The stars and planets greet him.  
The German fliers now are wise,  
They know they can't unseat him.

The Yankee devil of the air  
Smells German blood most anywhere,  
And if it's off the walls of Heaven  
He'll down the Hun by half-past seven.  
O! Yankee airman flying high!  
What is the star you don't shoot by?  
You dive past Saturn old and grey,  
You two-step through the Milky Way,  
You hit the North Star in the chest,  
Then volplane down for food and rest.  
And when you look your plunder o'er,  
Of German hearts you find a score—  
Hell to their ashes evermore!

The Rev. R. stopped Pat as he was making his way along the country road, and asked him how he was getting on, and how he found his work. "Well, sorr, work is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me a dollar." "What! You broke the Sabbath?" asked the preacher, horrified. "Yes, sorr, answered Pat apologetically. "Ye see, 'twas wan of us had to be broke."

Stranger to street urchin; "Jimmie, can you tell me where to find the juvenile court?"

Street Urchin: How did you know my name was Jimmie?

Stranger: "I guessed it."

Street Urchin: "Well, then, guess where the juvenile court is."

Copied from the Boy's Magazine.





**JAMES H. GAVIGAN**  
32 Years With A. C. L.

Mr. James Gavigan, Supt. of the Sheepskin factories, has the distinction of being longer in the service of the A. C. Lawrence Leather Co. than any other man now in their employ in Peabody, having been employed since the fall of 1886, almost since its inception, when they carried on a small business in the part of the town of Danvers known as Tapleyville, and coming to Peabody when they moved their business here in September, 1892.

During his employment he has worked in all of the departments and branches of the Sheepskin industry, rising from the ranks through the different stages to sub-foreman and foreman to superintendent of the Sheepskin Dept., in which position he has proved his marked ability and leadership. He is also recognized as an expert judge of Pickled Sheepskins, having served many years in this end of the business.

He has also reasons to be proud of his family history, having a mother, father, twelve brothers and sisters all living and enjoying good health.

#### UNBORN GERMAN HERITAGE

(From the Pittsburgh Gazette Times)

In the presence of the event German methods of warfare are horrifying enough, in all conscience. The campaign of murder, spoliation and plunder which the German armies have carried on since the beginning of the war would sicken the hearts of a self-respecting people, even though the crimes were committed for the advantage of that people. They might accept the spoils and plead necessity in excuse for receiving them, but they would not boast of their deeds. So we may conclude every sense of decency is dead in the Germans, as we have suspected for long, since their latest self-revelation is a cataloging of the goods they have secured by robbery and violence in France and Belgium and of the goods they have secured by robbery and violence in France and Belgium and of the wanton destruction they have caused. What a heritage for the unborn Germans who will have to make their way in the world in the decades to come!

The German authorities differentiate between war ma-

terial captured on the battlefield and the "incalculable booty" of which they are proud, showing they have no misconceptions as to the quality of their acts. Like items in a list of goods recovered from a thieves' "fence" by the police are some of these entries: High grade watches, 417; average watches, 5016; underwear, 18,073; umbrellas and parasols, 3705; silver spoons, 1876; embroideries and women's handkerchiefs, 15,132; bottles of champagne, 523,000. All these articles were filched from private owners; they were taken as would the burglar, sneak thief, pick-pocket or highwayman take them. They were stolen and the motive for the thefts were enrichment, not winning the war. And unabashed devilishness is flaunted in the record of destruction of sacred edifices: Cathedrals destroyed, 4; rendered unserviceable, 8; churches destroyed, 27; rendered unserviceable, 34.

Not for generations, if ever, can a German hold up his head in the world. The crimes of which Germany is proud today will appear more dreadful to the posterity of the decent peoples who are now defending civilization against the Hun than they do to us.

#### BASEBALL NEWS

American League Standing				National League Standing			
	Won	Lost	P.C.		Won	Lost	P.C.
Boston	51	34	.600	Chicago	56	26	.683
Cleveland	48	40	.545	New York	50	31	.617
New York	44	39	.530	Pittsburg	41	38	.519
Washington	43	41	.512	Philadelphia	38	41	.481
Chicago	39	43	.476	Cincinnati	35	42	.455
St. Louis	39	44	.470	Boston	35	46	.432
Detroit	36	46	.439	St. Louis	34	49	.410
Philadelphia	34	47	.420	Brooklyn	31	47	.397

#### LEADING RUN GETTERS

American		National	
Cobb—Detroit	55	Burns—N. Y.	52
Hooper—Boston	51	Flack—Chicago	48
Chapman—Cleve.	51	Carey—Pitts.	47

#### LEADING BATTERS

Cobb—Detroit	.374	Groh—Cinci.	.355
Sisler—St. Louis	.350	J. C. Smith—Bos.	.324
Burns—Phila.	.335	Daubert—Bkln	.319

#### TY COBB MAKES FIRST HOME RUN OF SEASON

If there ever has been a more sensational batting feat than that of Ty Cobb over a stretch of a month, baseball historians are silent about it. On June 13, Cobb was rated like this: At bat, 134; hits, 40; batting average, .299. Then he struck his stride and today his marks read: At bat, 262; hits, 98; average, .374. During this period, therefore, the batting terror made 58 hits, nearly one and a half times as many as he accumulated in the first two months of the season. His batting for the month was at the rate of .437. Incidentally, Cobb registered his first home run for the season in yesterday's game.

More than 600 boxes of athletic equipment have been sent to the different camps, according to Dr. Norman B. Tooker of the athletic division of the war department's commission on training camp activities. Orders have been placed for 1750 additional boxes.

When Lieut. Jo Loomis won a 100-yard race in 10.15s at Atlanta, Ga., last Saturday, he ran in the regulation trousers and shoes of an artilleryman.



## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES



## Cut Stock Cuttings

On Friday morning, July 19th we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Tomkinson speak. The message he gave to us certainly stirred the hearts of all, more especially those of us who are not citizens. He made all of us realize in the most forcible manner that we all should stand behind those boys "over there," and that our work should be done with all the zest and quality that we possess.

The writer having spent three nights this past week working on his garden had a good opportunity to see the progress made on the gardens in general, and will say that all the lots are looking exceptionally good, considering the weather we have had.

We had the pleasure of a call from Priv. Robert T. Poole, and must say that he is the picture of health. He reports that Army life agrees with him especially the eats. He is stationed at Camp Humphreys with 17,000 boys and says that they are going to enlarge the camp to hold just twice as many. We all extended to him our best wishes and trust that he will soon be back among us with the old pep which was characteristic of him.

We wish to report that the boys who have gone from the Cut Stock Dept. have not sent any letters to the boys in the factory, therefore we cannot print any of their letters or do not know how they are getting along in the service. BOYS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

They must be going to serve sausages at the Relay House this evening as Gene Bran bought a dog from Rafferty.

Nobody has to go to the Federal nowadays, Hilda knows why.

Why have a special dining-room for eating ice cream cones, Edith?

We all wonder in the Cut Sole Dept.

if John C will be a married man a year from now or will he still be living as a bachelor.

We are sorry to report that Mae O'Connor has not had any inspiration since her sweetheart went back from his furlough. Therefore there was no short story to offer you boys in the last issue.

Ba'meda claims that her watch cost \$119. I wonder if they forgot to put the period between the two ones (\$1.19).

Bazy need not worry over the shortage of coal now, as her husband-to-be carries home enough in his pockets every night.

Tony Allen, our Beau Brummel, feels sorry to think that he can't go to France to shoot Germans, but he is having the same experience down to the Willows on Sundays shooting the birds off the racks.

Well, Grace, had a ride in that new touring car yet?

If Charlie T. wants to prove that he is a true and loyal American, he had better cease wearing the national flower of Germany (Bachelor-button) in the lapel of his coat.

"Stop! Look! Listen!" Thursday evening, July 11th, a date we must never forget; for on this particular evening the most important bird "the stork" called at the home of Fred Rathburn and what do you suppose it left there, the dearest little baby boy, and it certainly was a dream. Do you agree with us, Fred? Well, we send you our heartiest congratulations at any rate. (I wonder if they'll call it "Red Mike.")

I wonder why Bazy keeps looking out of the window at the coal pile most of the time. Speak up Bazy, and tell who he is?

## WHO'S WHO IN THE CUT SHOP

Who is the Human Periscope?

Who is the old Roman on the 5th floor?

Who makes good Blueberry Pie?

Who asks 893 questions every hour?

Who thinks Leo is a dog's name?

Who follows that yellow coat nights?

Why does B. B. and H. A. remind us of before and after taking?

What doesn't Wild Bill see or hear?

Pearline meaning clean, Perly stands for immaculate. Now who is the little girl that knows this is true?

Who bums cigarettes every day in the year?

Who loaned their "Pansy" to Uncle Sam to decorate a barren island?

Wonder why Smithy doesn't answer the adv. "Binoculars for the Army?"

The reason Power can't get in the signal corps, he can't distinguish a tomato from a red plum.

## Sheepskin Department

As this issue goes to the press, we are informed that one studious and efficient clerk in A building whom we have termed as a woman hater in previous issues, has fallen for the feminine sex.

Our recent observation at an exchange of notes in the main office confirms this.

We trust that "Waggles" will find no mention of Giggles in this issue.

To the casual observer, Misses Ryan and Ward were duplicating Mr. William S. Hart in one of his melodramas. A dramatic finish was the kidnapping of Mr. Eastman who proved a willing victim by being carried away by the popular vampires.

Did you notice Ben N trying to take a grass stain out of Frances T's dress? Both were having a very interesting chat and in the meantime—Whoa—Nufsed.

Howard Long, who was a popular clerk in the Curry Dept., has accepted a position in the Glove Leather as a tacker.

Tim Sullivan is about to leave town for God's country. He has decided to spend the next two weeks at the Weenie's cottage at Idlewood Lake.

We wonder H. W., what has become of Rachael?

Frank Sonigan has taken a new interest in his work since we started to employ girls.

It is rumored that a checker tournament is to take place between Jack Carroll and Hackard. We place our bets on the cellar clerk as he moves more than the A clerk.

Say, fellows! have you noticed the way Dorris McN is wearing her hair now? Ain't it awful!

John Edgeworth Murphy or Pickle-house Jack, as he is more commonly called, will spend the next two weeks in the wilds of West Peabody fishing for trout. John is well versed in the art of handling a "Pole" and it is predicted that he will bring home quite a collection of fish. Well, John, we wish you luck.

Say, Marjorie, have you tried anything for those freckles?



Aaron Goldstein, formerly of the Glove Leather Dept., has accepted a position in San Francisco. He left last week for California, via New York.

### Things That Never Happen

Ben Grover keeping away from the windows in B building when the girls are going by.

J. H. G. coming to work at seven-thirty.

Dick N getting pinched for breaking the speed limit.

F. T. on Monday telling what a wonderful time she had with John yesterday.

Do you still have those bad dreams, Francis?

Jackie Murphy getting sore at being called infallible.

John Waldron letting a day go by without telling us when the war is going to end.

The clerk in I cellar coming in on time.

John McGinn refusing a smoke.

Deep Stuff: Roger McDermott is seen beating it for 3Q every day about lunch time. What's up, Roger?

John Ring came in patting himself on the back the other day. We understand that it's a girl.

We can't understand why McSweeney wants a lot of air lately.

On hearing a great commotion in the tacking room the other day we learn the cause was the fact that Marty Conway, being a "little feller" insisted on having all the small skins.

When is a deficit an investment?

When it is chataqua. Ask Dick Newhall.

Much to our surprise Fred Shea, who has been in camp in Alabama, returned to Peabody for a 10-day furlough last week. He is looking exceptionally well and says he never felt better in his life. He is very enthusiastic about the life and his new Pierce-Arrow truck. His company expects to be sent abroad most any time now, and we hope he will soon be rushing ammunition to some of our other boys that they may ship it "air line" into Hunland.

Mr. Mahoney, the B building "knock 'em dead kid," denies that he was married last week.

I wonder why Harry Gallagher don't go near the Main Office lately. Don't be afraid of the girls, Harry.

I wonder where Johnnie Murphy got his line on patriotism.

## Hide Department News

A. Fraiser of the Buffing Dept. has purchased a new pair of glasses so he can see the grain better.

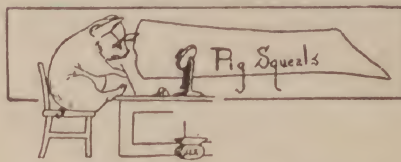
Louis Caron of the Curry and his

wife spent the week-end at Idlewood.

Benny McHugh of the Fin. Nub. Dept. spent the week-end with the "Midnight Twelve" of Idlewood. I don't see why they call him bashful Ben.

Edward Coughlin of the Hide Buff has left the employ of this company to join the Army. Ed is now stationed at Camp Dix, N. J.

Steve Duffee of the Shaving Dept. had to take a day off this week on account of a lame back. Tough luck Steve!



### U-BOAT RAID OFF CAPE COD

Just as the peaceful townsfolk of Orleans on the Cape were strolling to church on Sunday morning, July 21st, a German submarine appeared about three miles off the coast and attacked the tug boat Perth Amboy and its tow of three barges, one of which was loaded with stone, and the other two were empty. The barges were sunk, the tug was badly damaged, three men were wounded by shells, but all on board the boats, numbering 41 persons, were rescued.

The above is the substance of the thrilling news found in the newspapers July 22. Strangely, nobody seemed over-excited. But just the contrary last Friday afternoon, when suddenly bells began ringing and whistles blowing. Telephone calls requesting information soon enlightened a startled countryside — "The Americans and French are pushing ahead" — "15,000 captive Germans" — "Sissons about to fall." That was the kind of news to get excited over, for the blow that you fellows have handed the Huns will not soon be forgotten by them. You have qualified as the best of the best of fighters, and the tidings we have of your victory will surely give zest to the army of workers here, to keep you supplied with transports, food, clothing and munitions, so that you may "Carry On" thru the final great Allied Victory.

Our family of lady co-workers has increased to sixteen in number, and they are sixteen Patriotettes. The motto of the Pigskin Tannery "100%—Everything" will be lived up to by them, we can assure you.

We believe their presence here will have a tendency to remove the stigma that we have for years been burdened with. We always did contend that it

wasn't our place that polluted the atmosphere of the River Plant with heavy odors. No sir! It's the bone-yard down in back.

Note:—A-hem! The following is a little inspiration, written at 8 p. m. on the platform of No. 9 Building.

### Personal

The sun is sinking in the West,  
I'm going home and take a rest;  
I've picked some beans and sprayed  
some spuds,

Weeded some parsnips and dirtied my  
duds.

This has been the year's hottest day,  
So me for home to hit the hay.

## National Calfskin

As Neil Callahan was walking down Wallis street the other night, he noticed some Greek children looking through the fence of the cemetery back of this plant. When abreast of them, one of them says "Mister, do you think that man over there will let me pick up those flags that have blown over in the grass?" The flags were those placed on the graves of G. A. R. men last Memorial Day. This goes to show that the children of foreign parentage are taught to respect our flag as well as those of American, and put it into practice.

The 50 x 100 farm of Bain and Leach does not show that very good attention has been given it lately. It will be a booby prize, if any, for them. One of the party has had his drawbacks on account of putting in Saturday afternoons and evenings, for the last three weeks, at the office, and having an extra youngster to look after on Sunday. He is spending his vacation at Gardner Park, and by the time his two weeks are up, you will see somewhat of a change in affairs.

Daniel L. Tumelty, timekeeper, will probably be in a cantonment by the time this issue is out. He expects to sever his connections with us soon for that purpose. He has been associated with us about 10 years and we shall miss him. Our best wishes go with him.

Frank Burton has enlisted and we understand leaves for the South, soon.

Mr. Tadgell, clerk in beamhouse, has been out to Camp Gardner, Framingham, in camp with State Guards.

Chester Raymond of Raymond's paper store is now working in the beamhouse.

We understand that Clarence Long has a motor cycle. When are you going to ride it Clarence?

There is a rumor around that Mr. Eastman is going to have young lady clerks in his office.

Sam Gilman and Jack Hanrahan are



two more of our men who are looking out for their pork barrel next winter. Sam had two pigs out in the stable yard the other day.

Frank Lee went down to be examined for the draft the other day. He was too light and short to get by.

Kenneth Bain is on his vacation. Must be having a sneezing time.

Elmer, our bashful office boy, has got so he winks at the girls now.

Bill is feeling rather important of late. Wonder why?

The latest additions to our office force are John J. Fox who is taking charge of the Factory Emergency Department; and Helena Kitching who is with us again this year.

New Payroll Clerk—"Hello, Mr. Richardson there?"

Storehouse—"No, this is Grace.

New Payroll Clerk—"My name isn't Grace, it's Evelyn. I want Richardson."

Storehouse—"I'm the foreman, Richardson isn't here.

A short time later, Grace at the window, asking Edith who was it wanted the time book.

Comment—She's a hot one.

#### Whispers at the National

It is whispered that Dinny is to take dancing lessons in the future.

That Grace is quite a swimmer until she gets over her head. I wonder how she turned around.

That Jane likes "Spuds."

That Ruth writes a daily letter to Camp Devens.

That Evelyn and Marion are spending their vacation at South Peabody.

Miss Eunice Pitman has ordered an "Annette Kellerman." There will be a grand rush at the beach when she appears. (Watch out.)

Grace will soon be an expert swimmer. She expects to reach the Willows from Dane street in five strokes.

Agnes is posing for the Ladies' Home Journal.

Gertrude enjoyed her first bath (salt water) at Dane Street beach Thursday evening.

Annie lost a perfectly good soda Thursday night, as the office clock was fast. Any time next week, Lester, would do just as well.

Annabel and Charlie expect to appear before the public in an exhibition dance shortly.

I wonder if the Production Dept. have decided yet, of what material to make their bathing suits.

Dinny Crimmins had better find a better place to store away his lunch. The safe is not a refrigerator, Dinny, nor is it a safe place.

Jane is practicing singing so that

she may lead the army at the head of the tunnel Saturday nights.

Jack Noonan is the "sweetest" in the Shipping Dept. Where do you get your perfume from Jack?

A letter received from Maurice J. Maroney who is in the Coast Artillery says he is enjoying the life and is still on the water wagon. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends.

Dave Gallagher is anxiously waiting to be called so that he may help drive back the Huns for another twenty miles.

"Some time" at the Japan Shop and we congratulate you on getting such good speakers.

George Boettner has left to join Uncle Sam's forces. He left for Fort Slocum with the last draftees. Before his departure he was presented with a wrist watch by the ironers, a fine presentation speech being made by our able speechmaker, Jack McCarthy.

If anybody desires instructions about operating an automobile, Mulligan of the Trimming Department will devote three evenings a week on Tremont street.



#### Book Leather Echoes

Since our last issue we have received cards from our former correspondent of this column, George W. Abbott, now at Camp Dix and from George Machiros, stationed at the same camp.

Peter Matvechuk did not have a very extended experience in army life. Peter is back home, being discharged for physical reasons.

We were all glad to see Ed. O'Brien who called on us last Saturday. Ed is now stationed at some camp at Long Island and looks good.

"Big Chief" Keryluk after a two week's sojourn at Camp Devens, by reason of a wrong impression of this country's sincerity in this war, (Mike did not think it necessary to fill out his questionnaire) is now back home, chastened in spirit and with a somewhat different impression. Mike was discharged for physical reasons.

It is with a good deal of regret we have to announce the death of our shopmate, Robert Searles, long an employee of this department.

In a recent letter to his father Sergt. W. H. Crist, now "over there" says his outfit are doing good work

on the range and looking forward to doing just as good when they get their chance at the Huns.

One more of our boys has answered the call in the last draft, Titar Shistapa went July 24.

"Chief Petty Officer" Pelletier of our Cellar Dept. has a new way now of making a pest of himself—"Batty come down stairs and look at the motor." Hogan says he is going to get Louis a small motor to take home to study.

Louis promised us a "knock" on Moran to be published in this issue, but has so far failed to come across.

#### Curry Notes

Robert Poole, an old-time employee of the Curry paid us a visit this week. "Bob" sure looks good in uniform and speaks very highly of the treatment in the Army.

Tom Towey, our popular time-keeper is spending his annual vacation canoeing at Salem Willows. Our old friend Tim Mahoney is filling in while "Sunshine" is away. Tim left Saturday for a few weeks stay at Marblehead.

We are in receipt of a letter from Laurier Pye, from somewhere in France, where he claims he sure enjoys Army life. Laurier has grown extremely fond of France and doubts very much if he will return after the war is over.

We would like very much to hear from Henry Weinberg and George Strout, two of our boys who left us to enter the service of Uncle Sam.

Walter Graves, one of our popular markers, is much improved in health and expects soon to be with us again. Walter has been laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism, but hopes to be out in a few days.

We wonder who the lady friend was "Big Bill" had at Revere Beach last Sunday?

Charles Sullivan has just returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in New Hampshire. While there Charlie devoted a large amount of his time to fishing, and judging by the photographs he has shown us the last few days he must be some boy with the rod.

Wonder why Proctor does not patronize an American barber any more?

Peter McIntyre and William Dowd left us last week going with the Peabody quota July 24. Both were presented with a purse of gold.

We wonder why Little Frankie makes so many trips to the office.



ACL

DEDICATED TO



OUR BOYS WITH THE COLORS.

MARCH

WORDS AND MUSIC

By

GUS. ERICKSON.



ACL

The musical score is handwritten on six systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and an 8va (octave up) marking. The second system continues the melody. The third system features a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The fourth system includes a forte (f) dynamic. The fifth system has a first ending bracket. The sixth system includes a second ending bracket, a third ending bracket, and a fourth ending bracket. The score concludes with a final chord and a forte (f) dynamic.

To the boys a' fighting, from the good old A. C. L.  
 We wish you all the best of luck and hope that you are well  
 And when this war is over, you'll come back to us once more  
 And share life's pleasure with us as before,  
 Then old Kaiser Bill will have to turn his head away  
 The Yankee Boys have showed him, that they still have the say  
 And all the Huns will have to run and find a hiding place  
 For they'll not be allowed to show their face.

Now boys we're all working hard back here  
 To bring this war to an end this year  
 And when we hear that you will take the homeward train  
 We will cheer and cheer to greet you once again.



# MARCH



So now have hope boys, that it will soon be all o'er  
And there will be no fighting any more,  
And when the guns have all been safely laid away  
You will know that you have come home to stay.

Every day we're hearing of the victories Over There  
And about our boys so true who always do and dare,  
So it's coming closer to our own great victory  
That we are masters of the land and sea.

(Omit bugle strain)

This our message we are sending just to let you know  
That we're all behind you boys, no matter where you go  
Now we close and wish you luck, the best to one and all  
And that we may expect you in the fall.





GUSTAVE ERICKSON

Gustave Erickson, the composer of the A. C. L. March, comes naturally by his musical talent, as his father was also a cornet player. Not yet 21 years of age, young Erickson is an accomplished cornetist, playing solos in the newly organized Peabody Cadet Band, as well as in many of the local orchestras. He also is at home on the bugle and piano.

Mr. Erickson has dedicated his stirring march to the 300 A. C. L. boys now in Uncle Sam's Service. Although he has been with the A. C. L. but eight months he has imbibed that spirit that is so strong behind its boys with the colors and has taken this means of demonstrating, by music, his view of the A. C. L. spirit.





July 19, 1918.

Today we got some wonderful news  
(It sure did drive away the blues)  
That our boys have helped to win a  
great victory  
Toward making our good old country  
free.

Two hundred thousand Huns and  
they're going yet!  
We're with you boys you just bet!  
And the little Crown Prince had better  
get wiser;  
Next thing they know we'll have the  
Kaiser." A. T.

You probably have read all about  
the Allies driving the Germans back,  
etc.? Well, you should have been in  
the main office when we heard that  
good news. As far as we can make out  
we celebrated more than any other  
place in the U. S., at least we have  
not heard about a larger celebration.  
When the whistles started to blow we  
didn't hear them because two girls  
kept two alarm clocks ringing that  
completely eliminated all other noises.  
We all pledged allegiance to "OUR  
FLAG." Then we all sung "Star  
Spangled Banner" lead by Mr. Clothey,  
who broke a perfectly good ruler  
leading us. The old fashioned "Night  
before the Fourth" had nothing on us  
for noise.

Why, in ten minutes we had the  
Kaiser killed, the war all over and the  
boys back home.

#### HELP WANTED:

A man to roll on a glazing machine.

Wanted: A man with two good  
knees for knee staking. When one  
gets tired he can use the other.

Wanted: A man with a very bad  
head-cold to work in the beam-house.

Wanted: An experienced farmer to  
crop leather.

Wanted: A blind man to work in  
the main office during hot weather.

#### SURE SIGNS OF HOT WEATHER

Alice W. has discarded her bright  
red suit for a few days.

The janitor bringing in three times  
as many bottles of water to the foun-  
tain.

Even our new office boy Adelarde  
has condescended to take off her, ex-  
cuse me, I mean his belted coat.

Bennie Bodge wears his cute little  
shirts with low neck and sailor boy  
collars.

#### WHERE DOES HE FIT?

When the Yankee boys entered Berlin  
It gave Old Bill some scare

His wicked old brain seemed to  
whisper to him

"You're doomed for a trip Down  
There."

So down he went to the depths below  
And entered the kingdom of fire  
Lucifer gazed up, not the least bit sur-  
prised

And prepared right then to retire.

"Wilhelm I give you the power to rule  
my domain

May your shameful glory never fade,  
You'll find this a Heaven down here  
Compared to the place you made."

So down in Hell he started his career  
With a pair of horns he was crowned.  
They looked at him with evil eyes  
which knew no fear

Too well trained they were to utter  
one sound.

As time went on Old Bill ruled su-  
preme, but

Trouble was due, Satan knew full well.  
The devils refused to listen to Bill  
And there was a revolution in Hell.

Then up spake Lucifer, "Attention all."  
And he rang his royal bell

"Old Bill I'm going to kick you out  
You're not even fit for Hell."

—A. T.

Warner Davis bet Doris K. five  
pounds of Page & Shaw's, a year ago,  
that she would be married by this  
June. The candy was great but Doris  
says she wishes that she had lost the  
bet????

Mrs. Jennie Sherry has left our em-  
ploy because of ill health. We all  
miss Jennie and her "Dunnings" for  
pennies which buys our Boston Post.

Camilla Newton, clerk of the Cost  
Dept., certainly surprised us all. Last  
week she and Mr. Elmer Campbell of  
Middleton were united in marriage.

The following are enjoying their  
annual vacations:

Miss Myrtle Begg, Hampton Beach;  
Miss Ethel Sweetland, Silver Lake,  
N. H.; Miss Eva Donnell, Juniper  
Point, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Frank Wirl-  
ing, Flax Pond; Mr. Warner Davis,

Ferry Beach, Old Orchard, Maine.

It was rumored that Cape Cod was  
blown up but it was only a fish story.

Leonard Cassidy was called before  
the exemption board the other morn-  
ing. As Leonard puts it:

"Oh yes, yes, I have been invited to  
a government party at 9.30 sharp.  
Yes, yes, a dress affair."

"Len" hopes his star will be on the  
right hand side of the middle star in  
our service flag.

Jack Lynch was in town recently;  
looking pretty "spiffy" in his sailor  
suit. How do you like it, Mildred?

All the girls in the office are won-  
dering why Giggles, the L Building ac-  
countant has not been over to see them  
lately. How that boy can love!

#### A KIND INVITATION TO OUR BOYS IN FRANCE.

One of our French correspondents,  
Mr. Ernest Molinie, Villa Ermo, Rue  
Lagoutine, Mazamet, France, with  
whom we transact business in the pur-  
chasing of Raw Stock has very kindly  
extended an invitation to any of our  
boys in France to call on him that he  
may extend to them the hospitality of  
his home.

He wrote as follows: "If, among  
the American soldiers or officers who  
are in France, there are any relatives  
of your friends and if these young peo-  
ple cannot return to the United States  
to pass their holidays, Madam Molinie  
and myself would be very happy to en-  
tertain them during their liberty and  
to offer them the hospitality of our  
home. Madam Molinie and my daugh-  
ter speak English so that the young  
people who come here for their holi-  
days would find some one with whom  
they could converse."

And at a later date as follows: "We  
should so much like to do something  
for anyone of your officers and soldiers,  
and offer them a hearty hospitality, so  
that they may enjoy their leave in a  
family circle."

And in a letter which we have just  
received dated June 19th, he repeats  
his kind invitation in the following  
words: "It will really afford Mrs.  
Molinie, my daughter Susan and my-  
self the greatest pleasure and great  
joy to be able to offer our hospitality  
to your friends that come so gallantly  
and bravely to defend our dear coun-  
try. France is amazed at the manner  
in which the American soldiers are  
fighting and everybody has the great-  
est admiration for the American Army  
fighting side by side with our soldiers."

If any of you boys visit him, convey  
to him our appreciation of his kind-  
ness, and inform us of your visit.



## MAIN OFFICE

Fort Warren, Mass.,  
July 19, 1918.

Dear Mr. Batchelder:—I received the "A. C. L." this noon and you bet I was glad to hear some news from the shop. I read that poem about me, and I congratulate the one who wrote it.

I am company clerk now, and I don't do so much drilling as I did. Believe me, my hands and shoulders are sore from carrying a rifle. This Army life is great, what I have had of it, and if I had only known what it was I would have enlisted before. We don't have to check many bills here, so you tell Mr. Gallagher I don't get called up so much as I used to, for checking them wrong. We have to get up at 5 a. m. That is quite a bit different from getting up and getting to work at 8. But I may assure you if I ever get to work again, I think I'll get there a little sooner than I used to, all on account of the Army.

I was very sorry when I went that I couldn't give you at least a week's notice, so that I could help somebody get on to my work out in the factory. But of course you know I was so much attached to the Hide Dept. girls, that I really hated to see them before I went. You tell them this, won't you. But I was so crazy to get in the Army that I enlisted on a Saturday afternoon, and went at 8 o'clock Monday morning. I don't know about my money. I think you had better keep it until I write or send for it or perhaps I might get a chance to come down, but you know we only get a 24-hour pass once every two weeks, and it would be pretty hard to get way down there and back.

We came down to Fort Warren on a Monday morning, and when we got here there was a lot of soldiers here, and that very night, every one of them with the exception of a few left for a transport, and sailed at 2 o'clock the next morning. The bunch I came down with is all packed up and are going to Virginia next week, but as luck would have it, my name was not on the list. There were four of that bunch left, and believe me we were some sore. I never had any luck in my life, only time I ever had any was when I got in the army, but I guess it is beginning to change.

I forgot to tell you about the place I am at. It is the fourth fort down, and next to the last one down Boston harbor. It takes about one hour and a half to get down by a government boat, and is about 100 yards this side of the Boston Light. It is called no man's island, and with its long granite walls, looks just like a prison. It is a corking place though.

Oh, about the piece in the "A. C. L." Why did they call me the baby of the office? Will you tell the one who wrote it, to write and tell me just why they said that?

Will have to close as it is time to eat(?)

Yours respectfully,

Priv. ELMER McKEEN,  
31st Co., C. A. C., Boston.

P. S.—The Army does certainly agree with me, and I never felt better in my life. Tell all the bunch to write.  
E. McK.



## Boston Store Notes

Lee Vaux is now doing military police duty in Lowell.

Frank X. Hess has been on a tour of duty with the State Guard for two weeks.

Reed Winans writes:—Taking a rest at the seashore now and it is a great life. The rest consists of building a railroad but that is considered a rest after nine months spent in the forward zone. Bud Jarbeau once told me that the A. C. L. Co. had better looking girls than could be found in New York City and after seeing the the photos taken previous to the parade on April 6th, I quite agree with him.

## Japan Jottings

## LET US SPRAY.

Is your garden growing finely  
In these days so hot?  
Do the squash vines waltz devinely  
To your neighbor's lot?  
Have the bugs and lice got busy  
Night as well as day?  
Fight 'em till you're weak and dizzy  
Brothers—Let us spray.

—Boston Traveler.

The vacation season has started and on July 15th Annie Sheehan, M. Ryan and George Demeritt started on their two weeks of rest. John Kingsley started on his vacation July 22nd.

Brig is in receipt of a letter from Pat Fallon who is still at Camp Devens and he sent a picture of himself and it shows that the life of a soldier is certainly agreeing with him. He is looking fine and says that he is feeling fine but is very anxious to go over.

The writer is learning something new every day. The other day while in conversation with "Buck" Maroney, the day guard at the River Plant, he was very much surprised to learn from Buck that Fort Slocum was in N. Y. City. Buck certainly has travelled around a bit, and ought to be able to give a good lecture on the places that he has seen "such as Salem Willows and Dane Street Beach."

The Toggle Dept. at No. 2 Building has never been guarded so well in the past as it is now since Helena came to work there. Hurry back Maurice.

The writer was at the Main Office one day last week and saw a very happy gathering in the lobby outside the Information Window. Misses Martin, King and Higgins were seated on the bench with "Uncle" Joe Clothey between Florence and Elizabeth and Marjorie Merrill was the leader of that band. I think that they were trying to sing but I would not give my word that they were but will give them the benefit of the doubt.

This department and the National must have declared war against each other as Ray does not get any more calls from 115 and we notice that he doesn't talk to Mary at all. What is the matter?

Stone was asking Jack the other day where his snap fasteners were for his spraying machines and Nellie pushed a little booklet over to him. When he looked at the outside cover he was somewhat surprised to see only the words "Be Patient;" and he said that he thought he would have to be as Jack moves very slowly.

We are surprised to learn that Annie is not eating candy. What's the idea, Annie?

They say that if you want to die quick, ask Holly if he is "Open all day."

It is too bad that we didn't get a picture of "Buck" shoveling coal last Sunday. There was no fear of the shovel getting overheated.

Our stock farm is coming along fine. The cows are being milked daily but we cannot find out much about the quality that is being obtained. The little piggies seem to be enjoying themselves in their summer home.

The writer is in receipt of a card from George Abbott and was very glad to hear that he is feeling fine and likes it. Send your address George so I may write you a letter now and then.

## Scene in Cobb, Bates &amp; Yerxa.

Customer: "I want some coffee in the bean."

Salesman: "Next floor above; this is the ground floor."



# LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

"It is not for glory, or for riches, or for honor that we fight, but for liberty alone which no good man loses but with his life."

(Found on the body of an Australian Soldier.)

Ye that have faith to look with fear- less eyes	Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,	That ye may tell your sons who see the light
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,	That God has given you the price- less dower	High in the heavens—their herit- age to take—
And know that out of death and night shall rise—	To live in these great times and have your part	"I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;
The dawn of ampler life.	In Freedom's crowning hour.	I saw the morning break."

## From One of Our Great Flying Fields.

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Fla., July 8, 1918.

Dear Friends:—I received the Good Cheer box shipped last month all O. K. which was forwarded me here from Texas. Thank you.

Have been here for three weeks now, and so far have liked it much better than Texas. It is a better climate than Texas for one thing, not being so hot, and it is one of the best organized camps in the country. I think the main reason for this must be because the men stationed here haven't anything else to do or anywhere to go but stay here on the post and work. We are miles and miles from any large town. Tampa, the nearest large town is only 90 miles away. Arcadia is the nearest "city." It has 3000 inhabitants, one drugstore and a bank on the main street, and the usual hotel, stores, postoffice and one movie. Until the Aviation Camps opened up they had everything closed on Sundays, including the drugstore, and at nine o'clock every night everybody was supposed to be at home in bed.

We are now in the midst of the Florida rainy season. Hardly a day passes without a heavy shower. There are plenty of orange and grapefruit groves around, but few alligators, if any. I had anticipated going alligator hunting. The gulf is 30 or 40 miles away, and there is fine swimming and fishing at some of the places on the coast. We all go on expeditions over Sunday to some coast town for a swim and tarpon fishing. The gulf waters are alive with fish, all very different from the northern fish. It is clear water, too, and you can see the fish by the thousands in shallow places.

The surrounding country will soon be listening to the rattle of machine guns, mounted on the planes and at the ground ranges. We have lots of room to shoot here.

Yours truly,  
1st Lt. WARREN HENDERSON,  
Sig. R. C. A. S.

## Likes the Outdoor Life.

Camp Greenleaf, Ga., July 9, 1918.

Dear Friends:—Your gift of tobacco, chocolates and other articles was received, welcomed and appreciated. My neighbors in the barracks all agree that the tobacco is A-1, and personally I shall be most emphatic as to the high quality of the candy and the usefulness of the other things. But more than the gift itself I esteem the spirit that is behind it. For both I wish to express my sincere thanks.

My future fate in the army remains unclear. Apparently all chemists are held here only temporarily and that, it is claimed is the reason why all men of that profession are grouped in the Headquarters Co., i. e., in a replacement company. But whatever the future may hold in store for

us, in the meantime we are getting the full benefit of infantry drill, setting-up exercises, hikes and all that. I, for one, am enjoying the out-of-door life and beginning to feel its beneficial effects.

Very sincerely yours,

ISIDOR RABINOVITZ,  
Hdqtrs. Co., Hospital Group.

## From Down on the Border.

Fort Bliss, Texas, July 6, 1918.

Dear Friends:—I received the box of smokes and candy that you sent me and I wish to thank you many times for everything that was in it. I just came back from the border and all I had to smoke there was Mexican tobacco.

We break camp again next week and go to Leon Springs, Texts, or Camp Dix, N. J. I am the only fellow in my company that comes from the east.

If I'm not asking too much, could you send me one of those pictures that you put in the packing boxes of the A. C. L. plant so that I could show it to the fellows down here. They would all like to see what the A. C. L. looks like.

About two weeks ago we were out to Yuma, Arizona, and we came within 47 miles of the Grand Canyons. We had to use our field glasses to see them plain, but it's a wonderful country down around here. I'm going to Officer's school three nights a week and making out fine. I have to go to school three months before I get my stripes. We go on guard again tomorrow night. The cavalry does more guarding than any other branch of service. We have had good luck in guarding so far, it has been either in El Paso or on the border, something going on all the time.

Give my regards to the Glove Stock, Office and the River plant.

Yours very truly,  
Priv. LEO TREMBLAY,  
5th Troop Cavalry.

## What You May Expect When You "Go Over."

Members of the Military Welfare Association:—I received your magazine of May 1st today and was very glad to get it. I found the reading very interesting and also the pictures. This was the first mail we received since being over here.

In our trip across nothing of importance occurred. All the soldiers were in good health, though a little tired from being on board so many days. At the present time we are in a small French town about 10 minutes' walk from the village where there are about 200 near-cafes. About all the soldiers go to town every night. We have a large



Y. M. C. A. here and there are movies there every night. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons we have off, also Sunday, and usually there is a game of baseball going on.

All of the troops are confident of victory. It may be some time but we are sure that in the end the allies will be victorious. One thing all soldiers in France look forward to is the arrival of mail. Tell all to write, though soldiers may not be able to answer all of them.

Truly yours,

Priv. JOHN F. MAHONEY,

Battery A, 319 H. F. A.,  
Am. Ex. Forces, A. P. O. 722, France.

#### The Spirit of '18.

Somewhere in France, June 20, 1918.

Military Welfare Association:—I want to thank you for the postoffice order that you sent me. This is one fine country and the people are using the U. S. boys fine. Our officers cannot do enough for us and we are getting plenty to eat and it is good. All the boys are happy and the only thing they are going to do is to place the Stars and Stripes in Berlin, and they are going to do it, too. They are ready for the Hun any time he thinks he can put it over the U. S.

Wag. JOHN J. DRISCOLL,

325th Inf. Supply Co.,

Amer. Ex. Forces via N. Y.

#### Promotion Coming—Good Work.

Dayton, Ohio, Wilbur Wright Field,

July 3, 1918.

Dear War Workers:—Expect to leave here very soon for Mt. Clemens, Mich., having received an appointment as instructor on machine guns or aerial gunnery, C. C. Geors which is a synchronizing device for operating the Marlin gun in the air and bombing. Will be rated as a Sergeant, 1st Class. Got an idea that I will join a squadron there for overseas. Will be glad for I have been long waiting for the chance to go.

Yours for democracy,

HARRY E. TRIPP,

5th Prov. Squadron.

#### Has Met Several A. C. L. Boys "Over There."

Dear Friends:—Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I still receive your magazines and letters, which I find very interesting. Peabody certainly made a great showing in that parade in Boston and also in the "baby city." We read about it in the papers that our folks sent us but your magazine made more clear the big part that Peabody played. The A. C. Lawrence Leather Co. and the National Calfskin Co. certainly made a wonderful showing.

I am still engaged bringing up supplies and ammunition every night, but I have spent a little time at the front since I wrote you last. I have met quite a number of boys who were in your employ, among them Michael Ryan of the Infantry. We had quite a long chat and then we had to move to another part of this sector but they followed us and I met him again recently.

The boche have shelled a town near us nearly every day now, but I don't think they know where we are or we certainly would get a little reception.

Yours truly,

JAS. T. DOWLING,

Battery E, 101st F. A.,  
Amer. Ex. Forces via N. Y.

#### Would Like to Hear From His Shopmates.

Camp. A. A. Humphreys,

Virginia, July 9, 1918.

Military Welfare Association:—Once again I wish to thank the members of the M. W. A. for the "Good Cheer Box" sent to me last week. I also receive the magazine regularly and find it very interesting to read in camp. I also received the conversation book and find it very instructive. The weather remains very hot down here and I am very brown from the heat. I have been recommended for the non-commissioned officer's school which started the first of July, a course of two months. The camp also expects to turn out every month 2000 officers, the largest officer training school in the country. We expect to have electric cars running into camp by September 1, and I must say they will be very welcome, as travelling conveniences are not very good here yet but every thing is speeding up wonderfully. I would be glad to have a line or so from any of the boys from the shop for old times sake. Wishing the Association every success,

Yours truly,

Priv. ARTHUR SMALLMAN,

Co. D, 3d Engineer's Training Regt.

#### Has Gone Over.

U. S. S. Yale, Care Postmaster, N. Y.

Dear Friends:—Just a few lines to let you know that I received your package and book. I was more than glad to get them, too. I have been transferred to the U. S. S. Yale. It is a ship that used to run between Boston and New York. We leave tomorrow for over there and we are going to stay over for awhile running between France and England taking wounded soldiers back.

Thanking you again, I remain,

WILLIAM R. CONDON.

#### "A. C. L." Helps Keep Spirit Up.

"At the Front," June 14, 1918.

Military Welfare Association,  
Peabody, Mass.

Gentlemen:—I have received your letter of May 13 and I am aware of the ruling made by the Government. They have also discontinued the sending of packages even by requests. Of course we will miss your "Good Cheer" boxes, but nevertheless as long as we continue to receive your paper printed expressly for us it will help to keep up our spirits. I know how desirous you are of doing something for us fellows and I am sure it is appreciated by all who have been in contact with the Company.

I noted in your bulletin of May 1 where a young man somewhere in France writes that the Americans are losing their spirit of being sure to end the war in short order. I do not agree with him. I think the spirit is even better and surer than when we first went into the lines. Tell him to come over and talk with some of the fellows from this Division. It will put new life into him.

Another thing the motto of the artillery is not safety first but speed first. We have already conquered accuracy. The faster we fire the better we like it and the same with the infantry.

I see Bill Walsh wants to get into the artillery. Tell him to get into the 101st and he will not be sorry for it.

Remember me to the fellows and don't forget the girls and tell them that I will try and make them a visit next year.

Yours truly,

RUSSELL F. PERKINS.



## ADDITIONS TO OUR ROLL OF HONOR

### OFFICE

DAVIS, C. Warner

### HIDE DEPARTMENT

McKEEN, Elmer L. (Priv.)  
31st Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Warren, Mass.  
SWEENEY, John A.  
McGANN, Patrick

### SHEEP DEPARTMENT

ROUNDY, Clarence  
WIRLING, Glenwood  
REMYIR, A.  
STACHESKY, John  
McLAUGHLIN, James (Priv.)  
7th Anti-Aircraft Batt., 7th Co.,

Fort Totten, N. Y.  
JOY, Francis (Priv.)  
2nd Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Howard, Delaware  
MacMILLAN, Malcolm

### EMBOSSING DEPARTMENT

BURKE, James  
GRANT, Basil

### NATIONAL CALFSKIN CO.

AHEARN, C. Oliver (Priv.)  
1st Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Howard, Baltimore, Md.  
BOETTNER, George (Priv.)  
1st Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Howard, Baltimore, Md.  
BURKE, John F. (Priv.)  
40th Co., 10th Bn., Depot Brig.,

Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.  
CULLEN, Thomas F.  
112th Co., D. Barracks  
Paris Island, S. C.  
DALY, John E.  
DOHERTY, James W. (Priv.)  
8th Co. E, Anti-Aircraft Batt.,  
Fort Totten, N. Y.  
MacDONALD, Joseph (Priv.)  
Hospital Corps Aldershot Camp,  
Trentville, N. S.  
MORONEY, Maurice J. (Priv.)  
5th Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Washington, Md.  
OLINSKY, Czere

### CURRY DEPARTMENT

McINTYRE, Peter M.

## Addresses Received and Changes

### HIDE DEPARTMENT

#### Received

McKAY, James (Priv.)  
3rd Co., Fort Howard, Md.  
HAUG, Carl J. (Priv.)  
5th Co. C. A. C.,  
Fort Washington, Md.  
McCARTHY, Dennis (Priv.)  
2nd Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Schuyler, N. Y.  
O'NEIL, James (Priv.)  
2nd Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Dupont, Delaware  
KERLIS, Fotios (Priv.)  
3rd Co., 1st Bn., Depot Brig.,  
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

### SHEEP DEPARTMENT

#### Received

FREEMAN, John (Priv.)  
2nd Co., C. A. C.,

Fort Howard, Baltimore, Md.  
McPOLAND, Arthur F. (Priv.)  
Fort Washington, Md.  
Change  
MURPHY, E. Roger  
Machine Gun Co., 302 Inf.,  
American Exped. Forces via N. Y.

### MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

#### Received

NASH, James A. (Priv.)  
5th Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Washishton, Md.

### MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

#### Change

PRINCE, Charles  
Signal School, Naval Operating Base,  
Hampton Roads, Va.  
GAMBLE, Lawrence P.  
Care Machinist Mate School,  
Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

### OFFICE

KILEY, Harold (Priv.)  
Q. M. M. R. S. U. No. 301, Co. 1,  
A. P. O. No. 708  
American Exped. Forces via N. Y.

### SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

#### Received

SHERRY, Lawrence (Priv.)  
3rd Co., Barracks No. 189, C. A. C.,  
Fort Totten, N. Y.

### NATIONAL CALFSKIN CO.

#### Change

CONDON, William R.  
U. S. S. Yale  
Care Postmaster, N. Y.  
Change  
MacDONALD, Augustine T. (Priv.)  
Co. G, 315 Amm. Train,  
American Exped. Forces via N. Y.

### OUR NAVY

More than 1,200,000 of our brave boys are in France. They are going at the rate of 225,000 per month and out of all those transported, less than 300 have been lost. For such a record all honor is due our Navy. History will glow with this achievement and it will never be forgotten.

It is to be regretted that more cannot be written of the accomplishments of our great Navy. In these days when we are hearing so much from our Army, and we are mighty proud of its doings, let us see to it that our tribute is not withheld from those who are on the sea, for without them, none of the other accomplishments would be possible. They have earned the gratitude of their countrymen and of generations of Americans to come.

"Your battle flags will become the cherished trophies of a nation who will never forget those who bore them in the cause of liberty."

### (CONCERNING LEATHER—Continued from page 2)

have already been issued. The specifications for them are so many that they would fill about three columns of this newspaper. They relate to the kinds of leather used for the uppers, for the outer soles, middle soles and inner soles.

They specify the leather for every part of the shoe, including the heels, "which are to be from oak, union or hemlock sole leather of good quality, free from holes or blemishes which will affect the wear." They specify how the leather is to be cut and give an infinite detail of technical requirements which would not be understood by the man outside the tannery and the factory.

This letter is to give you some idea of the leather industry which is now so important in this time of war.

The value of the annual product is more than \$1,000,000,000 and the capital invested in the industry is perhaps \$8,000,000,000. The business has been widely diversified and it is carried on through a long series of complicated machinery, each branch embracing a vast number of inventions and new processes of one kind or another.



## Our Superintendent at the Japan Shop and one of His Lieutenants at Sunrise and Sunset

A most inspiring sight is pictured here. It shows two of our well-known leather experts in what would be spare time to the average man. But not so to these patriotic sons of the A. C. L. No field of win-the-war activity has been neglected by our two friends. When the nation was called upon to have-a-garden, they had several, and shared them with their fellow-workers; when Uncle Sam said "Raise-a-pig, they raised two, then four, then six and are now booking orders for hams in dozen lots or better; when Hoover said "drink more milk," they relieved the strain on the local dealer by purchasing a cow and are now enjoying butter, cheese and creamy milk direct from producer to consumer. The accompanying picture might well be called "Hooverizing and Soliloquizing while the cow is Fletcherizing."



### UNCLE SAM'S MESSAGE TO WATERS RIVER PLANT (Continued from page 3)

are doing, do it with all your might; for you have got to do in ten minutes what your fathers did in three months.

"I have sworn by the Stars and Stripes and God above that no hour from early morn till midnight shall pass without my doing my mightiest to prosecute this war to a victorious finish. I have got to send a telegram to Uncle Sam in Washington reporting what the men and women of the A. C. Lawrence Leather Co. are ready to do. Are you willing to take the pledge that I have—that you will do your mightiest until the war is over, whether it lasts two months or two years?"

Would the men and women of the A. C. L. take that pledge? Would the same men and women who on the same ground three years previously had raised Old Glory over the Waters River Plant to be flown daily until Germany was beaten; who had broken every record in the purchase of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps; who had generously given to every drive of the Red Cross and similar organizations; who were bending every effort to follow the win-the-war suggestions of the Food and Fuel Administrations, would these men and women take that pledge? THEY WOULD.

Every person present with hands uplifted to the flag recited in unison the pledge of allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Every person present joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner. This was the answer of Uncle Sam's son in the A. C. L. to his brother in France and to the representative sent from Washington.

### WRIST WHISTLES NEXT (From the San Antonio Light)

Just about the time the paragraphers' union was being hard put to it to find any more fun in the wrist watch, a California gentleman came to the rescue with the wrist whistle. Ever hear of the wrist whistle? Well, it's a device for policemen. It is designed to make the policeman's whistle always available. He will not be compelled to reach into his hip pocket for it only to remember that he put his six-shooter there and his whistle in his south vest pocket. So the next time you see a policeman hold-

ing his wrist up to his mouth, don't think he is trying to bite his cuff button into the button hole. He's only going to blow his whistle.

The wrist watch was looked at askance when it arrived. It was treated as a feminine affection and, even yet, few civilians wear it although the adoption of the wrist watch by the military men quickly lifted it out of the feminine class and gave it proper standing among the men folks.

The Army found the wrist watch a handy article because it was always available, but the civilian who likes to carry his watch in a little watch pocket in the band of his trousers or in his vest pocket, with a large gold chain across his vest front, has never taken kindly to the wrist watch and probably never will.

### TAKE YOUR CHOICE

"Follow the leader," cries the optimist.  
The pessimist follows.  
The pessimist wishes for better things.  
The optimist works for them.  
The pessimist spells it L-U-C-K.  
The optimist spells it P-L-U-C-K.  
The middle name of the optimist is "Gentleman," but "Grouch" quite becomes the pessimist.  
The naked truth is Majestic to the optimist.  
It makes the pessimist blush.  
"A stitch in time saves nine," says the optimist.  
"Let 'er rip" says the pessimist.  
The optimist is a comma (more coming).  
The pessimist is a period (He's done).  
The optimist takes things as they come.  
The pessimist doesn't know what to do with them.  
With his "good morning" the optimist adds "I think we'll have a fine day, today."  
"I hae me doots," replies the pessimist.  
The optimist learns by experience.  
The pessimist seemingly, "knows it all."  
The optimist carries weight in his community.  
The pessimist is a dead weight in society.  
—Epigrams taken from "The Optimist vs. The Pessimist."



# EMPLOYEES' GARDENS



Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the National War Garden Commission, says: "Next year may be an extremely poor year for garden truck. Vegetables may be scarce and high in price. An ounce of foresight is worth a pound of hindsight. The wise thing to do is to load down the cellar shelves with canned goods this year, while there is plenty.

"Again and again it must be emphasized that it is not a temporary or a local scarcity with which we have to deal. It is a world shortage that will last for years. The war may continue for a long time—almost certainly will continue for a long time. And the longer it continues the more severe will be the drain upon American food resources.

"As we look back over the four years which have passed since this titanic struggle started, we see how each year there has been less to eat and prices accordingly have been higher. They are higher this year than they were last year. Next year we shall have still less to eat and prices will be higher still. And the year after that conditions will probably be still worse. It is impossible to take twenty or thirty million men from productive pursuits and organize them for destruction without entailing hardship on the entire world.

"More and more we must live on garden products. More and more we must give our commercial supplies to our allies. It is only through the help of our housewives that we can accomplish this substitution.

"The entire nation must be organized in support of the army. And as the terrific struggle continues, the thing that daily mounts in importance is the food supply. In the realm of food our gardeners and housewives have a role that can be filled by no others. They alone can take care of the innumerable small surpluses, gigantic in the aggregate, that are to tip the scales in the struggle against famine.

"Henceforth our housewives and our gardeners must consider their garden products in terms of human life. A pound of garden food conserved means commercial food released for Belgian babies, French poilus, British Tommies, and our own Sammies—to say nothing of the huge populations that stand breathless and fearful behind the heaving lines of battle."

Have you got your copy of the Home Canning Manual yet? Ask your foreman to get one for you. Full directions for canning are given in it.

Anthony Hubicz of the Book Leather Dept. is digging potatoes as big as a coffee cup from seed planted May 11

"Dad" O'Rourke of the Japan is also eating his own potatoes now and reports them as being "very good."

Walter Honnors has "some" telephone peas in his home garden in Swampscott. According to his report they have to be picked from the second story window and the average number of peas in a pod is nine.

Other crops being gathered in large quantities are string beans, beets and lettuce. Jim Hawse recently picked half a bushel of young beans from a 50-foot row.

The king pin among canners is Warren Blake. Our efficient fire marshal has canned to date 72 quart jars of string beans, 25 quarts beets, 4 quarts blueberries and 6 jars Swiss chard. He is only waiting for his other crops to come along so he can can them too.

One of the gardeners recently found an old-fashioned cent in his garden dated 1846. No doubt this was dropped by some former tiller of the soil in years gone by. Other finds have been Indian relics, defunct pigs, small change and backaches.

Glass jars are being delivered to those who put in their orders for them. Any employee who desires to get in on these jars may place their order with any member of the garden committee.

Beans and potatoes, corn and squash—  
What care I for meat, b'gosh?  
Things from my garden satisfy—  
What care I if food is high?  
When Winter threatens beast and man  
I keep fat, for I always "can."

—Farm Journal.

## WAR SUBSTITUTES

Economy for Waste.  
Co-operation for Criticism.  
Knowledge of Prices for Gossip About Profits.  
Cornmeal and Oatmeal for Wheat Flour.  
Fish for Beef and Bacon.  
Vegetable Oils for Animal Fats.  
The Garden Hoe for the Golf Stick.  
Performance for Argument.  
Perishable for Preservable Foods.  
The Beef You Do Not Eat for the Rifle You Can Not Carry.  
Saving for Useless Spending.  
Marketing for Telephoning.  
Production for Pessimism.

—Canadian Food Bulletin.



## JOTTINGS FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK

### THE SAME OLD HOURS

She was a widow who was trying to get in touch with her deceased husband.

The medium, after a good deal of futile work, said to her:

"The conditions this evening seem unfavorable. I can't seem to establish communication with Mr. Smith, ma'am."

"Well, I'm not surprised," said the widow, with a glance at the clock. "It's only half-past eight now, and John never did show up till about three a.m."—Tit-Bits.

### RETURNS SALUTE; NOT ENTITLED TO IT

Recently a non-commissioned officer of a popular contingent at Camp Mills, L. I., was mistaken by a new recruit on sentry duty, who saluted him. The non-commissioned officer, ignorant that his colonel was nearby, returned the salute. Next morning he was ordered to report to the colonel, where he was asked why he returned the salute when he, the "non-com," knew he was not entitled to it.

"Sir," he answered, "I always return everything I am not entitled to."

The colonel dismissed him.

### WONDERFUL

Stella—Jack is so strong, dear boy.

Bella—How so?

Stella—Yesterday I had a letter from him at the training camp and he said he had just pitched a tent.

### THEY UNBEND THERE

Sergeant in a colored rainbow—Yaas, ma'am, we fought han' to han' for fih days and foh nights.

Interested old lady—I don't see how you stood the tension.

Sergeant—Waal, you see, ma'am, we don' stan' at 'tention when we's fightin'.—Cartoons Magazine.

### WAS SAFE

The fugitive from the law rushed wildly into the office, declared dramatically that he was being closely pressed by the police.

"Hide me, Oh, hide me!" he wailed.

The head clerk did not hesitate a moment.

"Get into the simplified card index case," he said calmly. "I defy anyone to find anything there."

### HONORING THE HIRED MAN

"I see you have a service flag in your window. I didn't know you had a son in the army." "We haven't. The gardener we used to employ has joined the colors and the flag's for him."—Detroit Press.

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northerner. "Well, you see, its dis way, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it, an' a-worryin'. Then first thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' natchelly goes to sleep."

### NO LAWYER NEEDED

"Well, Henry," observed the judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the Negro. "De las' time, jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyer."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyer dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."—Oregon Journal.

### HOOVERIZING DROVE THIS MAN TO POETRY

When Cleveland merchants reported that since the inauguration of the meatless day consumption of chickens and oysters had increased more than 25 per cent a Cleveland bard broke loose with the following:

"Said the chicken to the oyster, I am feeling mighty blue; all my folks are disappearing and I fear that yours are, too. Now, I lay the blame entirely upon Hoover, who, they say, started all this fearful bloodshed with his dog-gone meatless day.

"In the days before the kaiser took the Allies by the throat, Sunday was the only day they could get a chicken's goat; now that Tuesday has been added, every feathered friend I've got is a victim of conscription—cold in death, they serve him hot."

"I believe you," sobbed the bivalve, "we are dying by the score; 14 million lovely oysters beckon from the other shore. Moral fibre in us weakens, Chanticleer, I get the blues when I think how many comrades on their dying day were stewed.

"Soon I'll go to join my fellows," and he shivered in his shell, "with his meatless day, this Hoover gives us 50 kinds of — He's the author of our troubles—man's his gourmandizing dupe—they may serve you baked or roasted; chances are that I'll be soup."

### OLD PAL

Written for the A. C. L. by Daniel B. Roche, formerly of the timekeeper's department, and dedicated to the friends who were left behind in Camp Upton when they transferred him to Camp Johnson in Florida, causing the first split in the crowd who were sent from Peabody at the time he went away.

"Good-bye, old pal," and he tries to hide

The sorrow that his smile belies,

As he shakes your hand with a grip of steel,

You smile, no matter how you feel.

"So long," and you grasp the outstretched hand.

You're all alone in lonesome land,

With a careless nod he turns away,

And a comrade you have lost that day.

"Cheer up, old boy, don't feel so blue,

I'll surely send a line to you;

Be good now, kid, we'll meet some day

The war clouds must all roll away."

'Tis not good-bye, but au revoir,

When pals they part to journey far.

They hide the grief and show a grin;

"Be good, old pal, we shall meet again."



## The Value of Good Habits

**I** HAVE been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed.

—David Copperfield.



## The Why of Saving

**U**NCLE SAM asks us to save to help win the war; but that means that he asks us to form the habit of thrift, which we were in danger of forgetting or, indeed, had forgotten.

He asks us to stop shooting our money to the birds, reckless of the future and its bristling storehouse of consequences. He asks us to apportion our income between a reasonable, decent living and a savings fund.

He asks us to put that savings into War Savings Stamps. He asks us, so that there may be food enough for our fighting men and their allies, to quit stuffing ourselves as though we were being fattened for the table, and to choke off the garbage barrel's fat supply; and when we obey, we benefit our purses and our healths.

In short, when Uncle Sam asks us to save to help win the war, he asks us to do ourselves a great favor; and yet, simply because the need is great and the appeal urgent, and because the Nation pleads with us to do this simple thing, we are prone to look upon it as a great favor to the country, and to stick feathers in our hats and go strutting around because we granted it. It is patriotic. It helps the country—not only now, but later; not only for the war, but for the trial of national fibre that comes after the war—but it helps us even more.

And it is so easy, so much more helpful to ourselves than to the country, so small a thing to do compared with what our boys in arms are doing, that it really is a joke to pin roses on ourselves for doing it.

We ought to do it. We must do it. But instead of expecting Uncle Sam to decorate us for heroism, we ought to get on our knees and thank him for the opportunity of getting a little sound sense pounded into us at last. And that goes as to the average individual, and as to the Nation and people as a whole.—Bay State Bulletin.